Rich. Well you deserv'd:
They well deserue to have,
That know the strong'st, and surest way to get,
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Teares shew their love, but want their remidies.
Cosin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we must, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London:
Cosin, is it so?

Bul. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I must not say, no. *Flourish, Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What sport shall we deuise here in this Garden,
To driue away the heavy thought of Care?

La. Madam, we'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes against the Byas.

La. Madam, we'le Dance.

Qu. My legges can keepe no measure in Delight,
When my poore heart no measure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) some other sport.

La. Madam, we'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of sorrow, or of griefe?

La. Of eyther Madam.

Qu. Of neyther Girle.
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more sorrow to my want of joy:
For what I have, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madam, Ile sing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, would'st thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madam, would it doe you good?

Qu. And I could sing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But stay, heere come the Gardiners.
Let's step into the shadow of these Trees.
My wretchednesse, unto a Row of Pinnes,
They'le talke of state: for every one doth so,
Against a change; Woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks.
VVhich like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppression of their prodigall weight;
Give some supportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too fast growing sprayes.
That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All must be even, in our Gouernement.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noysome weedes, that without profit sucke
The Soyles fertility from wholesome flowers.

Ser. Why should we, in the compasse of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme state?
When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land)
Is full of Weedes, her fairest Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots disorder'd, and her wholesome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath suffer'd this disorder'd Spring,
Hath now himselfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-spreading Leaves did shelter,
That seem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, Root, and all, by *Bullingbrooke*;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard II* (STC 22313) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.20) Octavo